


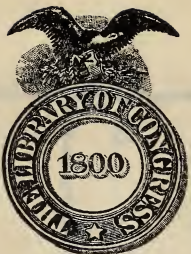


Non Multa Sed Multum.



NOTTI. 

Donum.





FIFTH THOUSAND.

Jesus and Mary;

OR

CATHOLIC HYMNS,

FOR SINGING AND READING.

BY

FREDERICK W. FABER,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI.



2d ed.

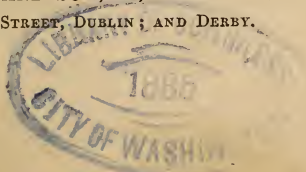
Ecce Maria erat spes nostra, ad quam confugimus in
auxilium, ut liberaret nos, et venit in adiutorium nobis.

Antiph. Ecclesiæ.

1882
LONDON:

RICHARDSON AND SON, 172, FLEET STREET;

9, CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN; AND DERBY.



PR 4699
F11 A66
1852

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6661

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY,
THIS LITTLE BOOK 40
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
WITH THE BELIEF THAT TO HIM
IT WILL BE THE TRUEST TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
FOR SO MANY KINDNESSES
THUS TO CONNECT HIS HONOURABLE NAME
WITH
OUR DEAR ST. PHILIP.

1849.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Hymns do not, as will be seen, form anything like a perfect collection, but are given as a specimen of a much larger and more complete work. The Author has had a double end in view in the composition of them ; first, to furnish some simple and original hymns for singing ; secondly, to provide English Catholics with a hymn-book for reading, in the simplest and least involved metres : and both these objects have not unfrequently required considerable sacrifice in a literary point of view.

When God raised up our dear and blessed Father St. Philip, St. Ignatius, and St. Theresa, and gave them to His Church, just as the heresy of Protestantism was beginning to devastate the world, those three Saints seem to have had distinct departments assigned to them. All of them, each in a different way, met the subjectivity, the self-introverted habit of mind, which was then coming uppermost, and thus rendered modern Catholicism the great object of our study and the model for our imitation,

as being peculiarly fashioned, and that by the hands of Saints, for the welfare of these latter ages. St. Theresa represents the common sense, the discreet enthusiasm, of devotion and the interior life, which distinguishes Catholic asceticism and the mysticism of the Saints from the fanatical vagaries of the heretics. St. Ignatius, without debarring his children from any field of labour, took in a special way the education of Europe and the evangelization of distant lands for his department, and represented in the Church the principle of faith. St. Philip devised a changeful variety of spiritual exercises and recreations, which gathered round him the art and literature, as well as the piety of Rome, and was eminently qualified to meet the increased appetite for the Word of God, for services in the vernacular, for hymn-singing and prayer-meetings. Sanctity in the world, perfection at home, high attainments in common earthly callings—such was the principal end of his apostolate. He met the gloom and sourness and ungainly stiffness of the puritan element of Protestantism by cheerfulness and playful manners, which he ensured, not in any human way, but by leaving to his children the frequentation of the Sacraments as the chief subject of their preaching and their chief counsel in the spiritual direction of others ; and he represented in the Church the principle of love. St. Ignatius was the St. Dominic, St. Philip the St. Francis of his age. What was medi-

æval and suited to the mediæval state of things passed away, and there appeared at the Chiesa Nuova and the Gesù the less poetical, but thoroughly practical element of modern times, the common sense which works and wears so well in this prosaic world of ours.

It was natural then that an English son of St. Philip should feel the want of a collection of English Catholic hymns fitted for singing. The few in the Garden of the Soul were all that were at hand, and of course they were not numerous enough to furnish the requisite variety. As to translations, they do not express Saxon thoughts and feelings, and consequently the poor do not seem to take to them. The domestic wants of the Oratory, too, kept alive the feeling that something of the sort was needed ; though at the same time the Author's ignorance of music appeared in some measure to disqualify him for the work of supplying the defect. Eleven, however, of the hymns were written, most of them, for particular tunes and on particular occasions, and became very popular with a country congregation. They were afterwards printed for the schools at St. Wilfrid's, and the very numerous applications to the printer for them seemed to show that, in spite of very glaring literary defects, such as careless grammar and slipshod metre, people were anxious to have Catholic hymns of any sort. The MS. of the present volume was submitted to a musical friend, who replied that

certain verses of all or nearly all the hymns would do for singing : and this encouragement has led to the publication of the volume.

This, however, as the length and character of many of the hymns will show, was not the only object of the volume. There is scarcely anything which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one, who has had experience among the English poor, knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient : the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the Author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh Hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German Hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible, as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The Cantiques of the French Missions and the *Laudi Spirituali* of Italy are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary ; and it would seem that the Oratory,

with its "perpetual domestic mission," first led the way in this matter ; and St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, and himself once under a vow to join them, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon. It seemed then in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book *for reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted, with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the "O for a closer walk with God" of the Olney Hymns ; and that the metres should be of the simplest and least intricate sort, so as not to stand in the way of the understanding or enjoyment of the poor, which has always been found to be the case with anything like elaborate metre, however simple the diction and touching the thoughts might be. The means of influence which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and foreign Catholics in the Cantiques and Laudi, are unfortunately entirely wanting to us in our labours among the hymn-loving English.

The kind reader is requested then to consider these Hymns as a sample, upon which the Author wishes to invite criticism, with a view to future composition, if sufficient leisure should ever be allowed him for such labour ; and they may perhaps be permitted, provisionally at

least, to stand in the gap, which they are certainly not fitted permanently to fill, in our popular Catholic literature.

F. W. FABER,

PRIEST OF THE ORATORY

OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

The Oratory, London.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1849.

SECOND EDITION.

Upwards of twenty new Hymns have been added to this edition; indeed the matter has been doubled; and the price reduced from 2s. 6d. to 1s.

London. Feast of St. Philip Neri.

1852.

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CATHOLIC HYMNS.

I.

THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

I.

HAVE mercy on us, God Most High !

Who lift our hearts to Thee ;

Have mercy on us worms of earth,

Most Holy Trinity !

II.

Most ancient of all mysteries !

Before Thy throne we lie ;

Have mercy now, most merciful,

Most Holy Trinity !

III.

When Heaven and earth were yet unmade,

When time was yet unknown,

Thou in Thy bliss and majesty

Didst live and love alone !

IV.

Thou wert not born, there was no fount

From which Thy Being flowed ;

There is no end which Thou canst reach :

But Thou art simply God.

V.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless,
And, oh ! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness ?

VI.

How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss ;
But with Thy beauty, Lord ! compared,
How dull, how poor is this !

VII.

In wonder lost, the highest heavens
Mary, their queen, may see ;
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be ?

VIII.

No wonder Saints have died of love,
No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learned to love
God for His own dear sake.

IX.

O Majesty most beautiful !
Most Holy Trinity !
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.

X.

O listen, then, Most Pitiful !
To Thy poor creature's heart ;
It blesses Thee that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art !

XI.

Most ancient of all mysteries !
Still at Thy throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity !

II.

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

I.

My God ! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light !

II.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !

III.

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

IV.

O how I fear Thee, Living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

V.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

VI.

O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

VII.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

VIII.

Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss !

IX.

Father of Jesus, love's Reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee !

III.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

I.

O Jesus, Jesus ! dearest Lord !
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred Name
A thousand times a day.

II.

I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control ;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

III.

O wonderful ! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

IV.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me ;
Ah ! dearest Jesus ! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee !

V.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

VI.

Burn, burn, O Love ! within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

VII.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth !
Jesus ! my Love ! my Treasure ! who
Can tell what Thou art worth ?

VIII.

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !
What art Thou not to me ?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty !

IX.

What limit is there to thee, love ?
Thy flight where wilt Thou stay ?
On ! on ! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

X.

O love of Jesus ! Blessed love !
So will it ever be ;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity !

IV.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

I.

Fountain of Love ! Thyself true God !
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways !

II.

O Majesty unspeakable !
O Person all divine !
How in the Threefold Majesty
Doth Thy Procession shine !

III.

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move ;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love !

IV.

Proceeding, yet of equal age
With Those whose love Thou art ;
Proceeding, yet distinct, from Those
From whom Thou seemst to part :

V.

An undivided Nature shared
With Father and with Son ;
A Person by Thyself ; with Them
Thy simple essence One !

VI.

Bond art Thou of the other Twain !
Omnipotent and free !
The consummating Love of God !
The Limit of the Three !

VII.

Thou limitest infinity,
Thyself all infinite ;
The Godhead lives and loves, and rests,
In Thine eternal light.

VIII.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love !
True God ! Sole Fount of Grace !
And now before Thy blessed throne
My sinful self abase.

IX.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love ;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

X.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;
Awful, immense Thou art ;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

XI.

And yet Thou art a haven too
Out on the shoreless sea,
A harbour that can hold full well
Shipwrecked Humanity.

XII.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed
On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
We know not how or when.

XIII.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes !
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines !

XIV.

All things, dread Spirit ! to Thy praise
Thy Presence doth transmute ;
Evil itself Thy glory bears,
Its one abiding fruit !

XV.

O Light ! O Love ! O very God !
I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous Attributes,
And their mysterious ways.

XVI.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread !
My heart is fit to break
With Love of Thy humility
For us poor sinners' sake.

XVII.

Thy love of Jesus I adore ;
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee !

V.

VENI CREATOR.

I.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come !
The darkness of our minds illumine ;
Thy children's hearts, O God, inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

II.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,
The Gift of God, His Spirit sweet ;
The Living Fountain, Fire, and Love,
And gracious Unction from above :

III.

Of God's Right Hand the Finger Thou,
Who dost Thy sevenfold grace bestow ;
True Promise of the Father, rich
In gifts of tongues and various speech.

IV.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Our hearts with heavenly love fulfill
To walk Thy way, and do Thy will.

V.

Stablish our weakness, and refresh
With fortitude our fainting flesh :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

VI.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One,
That through the ages all along
This faith may be love's endless song.

VII.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to the Son, whom He did raise,
And to the Holy Spirit be,
Now and for all eternity.

VI.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

I.

Come, Holy Spirit ! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light !

Come, Father of the friendless poor !
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

II.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labour Rest,

The sweetest Solace in our woe !
Come, blissful Light ! O come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervour glow.

III.

Where 'Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill.

O let that light upon us rise,
Lord ! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace ! and with thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

IV.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
And homeward call the feet that stray :
Virtue's reward, and final grace,
The Eternal Vision face to face,
Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.

V.

Come, Holy Spirit ! bid us live ;
To those who trust Thy mercy give
Joys that through endless ages flow :
Thy various gifts, foretastes of Heaven,
Those that are named Thy sacred Seven,
On us, O God of love, bestow.

VII.

THE INFANT JESUS.

I.

Dear Little One ! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine !

II.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

III.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls ;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

IV.

Simplest of Babes ! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will ;
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

V.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

VI.

Yes ! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears ;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

VII.

Yes ! dearest Babe ! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

VIII.

While thou art clasping Mary's neck
In timid tight embrace,
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves
Before Thine infant Face.

IX.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,
And hushed Thy feeble cry,
The hearts of men lie open still
Before Thy slumbering eye.

X.

Art Thou, weak Babe ! my very God ?
O I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

XI.

O dear ! O wakeful-hearted Child !
Sleep on, dear Jesus ! sleep ;
For Thou must one day wake for me
To suffer and to weep.

XII.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown
Have I in store for Thee ;
Yet why ? one little tear, O Lord !
Ransom enough would be.

XIII.

But no ! death is thine own sweet will,
The price decreed above ;
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,
For Thou wilt die for love.

VIII.

THE AGONY.

I.

O Soul of Jesus, sick to death !
Thy Blood and prayer together plead ;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

II.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured Heart doth lie ;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirits' quailing eye.

III.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !
All darkly on Thy Human Soul ;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

IV.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;
And forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

V.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men ;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy Heart,
And the pores open,—blood is spilt.

VI.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

VII.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

VIII.

Sin and the Father's Anger ! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;
All, save the love within Thy Heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

IX.

My God ! My God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

X.

I sin, and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

XI.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

XII.

Shall it be alway thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

XIII.

O by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear !

XIV.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

XV.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear !

IX.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

I.

O come and mourn with me awhile ;
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
O come and let us mourn with her ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

II.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

III.

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied,
His failing Eyes are blind with blood ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

IV.

His Mother cannot reach his Face ;
She stands in helplessness beside ;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

V.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VI.

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VII.

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

VIII.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed ;
His falling Eyes he strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

IX.

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

X.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

XI.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is ;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

XII.

O Love of God ! O Sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified !

X.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

I.

Hail, Jesus ! Hail ! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me ;
O blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

II.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

III.

O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost :
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong him most.

IV.

O to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss :
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His !

V.

Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise :
O louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise !

To all the faithful who say or sing the above
Hymn, Pius VII. grants an indulgence of 100
days : applicable also to the souls in Purgatory.

XI.

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

I.

Thousands of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

II.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press ;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

III.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbour fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still

IV.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took ;
The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of His Three-and-Thirty Years
But three alone were left to run.

V.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
 About him wheresoe'er he went ;
 She lived on thoughts of Mary's child,
 Trembled with hope, and was content.

VI.

But see ! how hushed the crowd of souls !
 Whence comes the light of upper day ?
 What glorious Form is this that finds
 Through central earth its ready way ?

VII.

'Tis God ! 'tis Man ! the living Soul
 Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
 The first-born of created things,
 Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

VIII.

'Twas Mary's child ! Eve saw Him come ;
 She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
 And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
 The Soul of Jesus Crucified.

IX.

So after four long thousand years,
 Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
 And from them, as they passed away,
 Love lit her everlasting flame !

XII.

JESUS RISEN.

I.

All hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail !
O what a victory is thine !
How beautiful thy strength appears,
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they shine !

II.

Thou camest at the dawn of day ;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blest spirits, thronging to adore
Thy Flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

III.

The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred Human Heart of Thine.

IV.

They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love set free ;
They worshipped joyously, and thought
Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

V.

And Thou, too, Soul of Jesus ! Thou
Towards that sacred Flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that Heart
How ardently Thy love did burn.

VI.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
Bright flashed the cave,—before them stood
The Living Jesus Glorified.

VII.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread !
O Sin ! thou art outdone by love !
O Death ! thou art discomfited !

VIII.

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise, broke away.

IX.

O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free ;
Let me lie silent and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

X.

Ah ! now thou sendest me sweet tears ;
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—
What shall I say ? Thou know'st my heart ;
All hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail !

XIII.

THE APPARITION OF JESUS TO OUR
BLESSED LADY.

I.

O Queen of Sorrows ! raise thine eyes ;
See ! the first light of dawn is there ;
The hour is come, and thou must end
Thy Forty Hours of lonely prayer.

II.

Day dawns ; it brightens on the hill :
New grace, new powers within her wake,
Lest the full tide of joy should crush
The heart that sorrow could not break.

III.

O never yet had Acts of Hope
Been offered to the Throne on high,
Like those that died on Mary's lip,
And beamed from out her glistening eye.

IV.

Hush ! there is silence in her heart,
Deeper than when St. Gabriel spoke,
And upon midnight's tingling ear
The blessed Ave sweetly broke.

V.

Ah me ! what wondrous change is this !
What trembling floods of noiseless light !
Jesus before His Mother stands,
Jesus, all beautiful and bright !

VI.

He comes ! He comes ! and will she run
With freeest love her Child to greet ?
He came ! and she, His creature, fell
Prostrate at her Creator's Feet.

VII.

He raised her up ; He pressed her head
Gently against His wounded Side ;
He gave her spirit strength to bear
The sight of Jesus Glorified.

VIII.

From out His Eyes, from out His Wounds
A power of awful beauty shone ;
O how the speechless Mother gazed
Upon the glory of her Son !

IX.

She could not doubt : 'twas truly He
Who had been with her from the first,—
The very eyes, the mouth, the hair,
The very Babe whom she had nursed,—

X.

Her burden o'er the desert sand,
The helpmate of her toils,—'twas He,
He by whose deathbed she had stood
Long hours beneath the bleeding Tree.

XI.

His crimson Wounds, they shone like suns,
His beaming hand was raised to bless ;
The sweetness of His voice had hushed
The angels into silentness.

XII.

His sacred Flesh, like spirit glowed,
Glowed with immortal beauty's might ;
His smiles were like the virgin rays
That sprang from new-created light.

XIII.

When wilt thou drink that beauty in ?
Mother ! when wilt thou satisfy
With those adoring looks of love
The thirst of thine extatic eye ?

XIV.

Not yet, not yet thy wondrous joy
Is filled to its mysterious brim ;
Thou hast another sight to see
To which this vision is but dim !

XV.

Jesus into His Mother's heart
A special gift of strength did pour,
That she might bear what none had borne
Amid the sons of earth before.

XVI.

O let not words be bold to tell
What in the Mother's heart was done,
When for a moment Mary saw
The unshrouded Godhead of her Son.

XVII.

What bliss for us that Jesus gave
To her such wondrous gifts and powers ;
It is a joy the joys were hers,
For Mary's joys are doubly ours !

XIV.

THE ASCENSION.

I.

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus ! why ?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky ?

II.

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

III.

Mother ! how canst thou smile to-day ?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight ?

IV.

His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast ;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

V.

And as He rose with all His train
Of righteous souls around
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew into the ground.

VI.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven,
The Eternal Spirit's car,
And on the lessening vision went,
Like some receding star.

VII.

The silver cloud hath sailed away,
The skies are blue and free ;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

VIII.

The Feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living Feet, are gone ;
Mother ! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

IX.

He loved the Flesh thou gavest Him,
Because it was from thee ;
He loved it, for it gave Him power
To bleed and die for me.

X.

That Flesh with its five witness Wounds
Unto His throne He bore,
For God to love, and spirits blest
To worship evermore.

XI.

Yes ! He hath left thee, Mother dear !
His throne is far above ;
How canst thou be so full of joy,
When thou hast lost thy Love ?

XII.

O surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When He is gone who was its light
For Three-and-Thirty Years.

XIII.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His Feet upon their way ?
O why doth not the Mother speak
And bid her Son to stay ?

XIV.

Ah no ! thy love is rightful love,
From all selfseeking free ;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee !

XV.

'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel His Presence near ;
Yet loyal love His glory holds
A thousand times more dear.

XVI.

Who would have known the way to love
Our Jesus as we ought,
If thou in varied joy and woe
Hadst not that lesson taught ?

XVII.

Ah ! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain !

XVIII.

True love is worship : Mother dear !
O gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right !

XV.

THE MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

No track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air ;
Jesus hath gone ; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

II.

The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
They tread the streets no more ;
His soul-converting voice gives not
Its music as before.

III.

His Mother sits all worshipful
With her majestic mien ;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gathered round their Queen.

IV.

They gaze on her with raptured eyes,
Her features are like His,
Her presence is their ample strength,
Her face reflects their bliss.

V.

That Upper Room is heaven on earth ;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith, or hope,
 Or heaven-born charity.

VI.

The Eye of God looks down on them,
 His love is centered there ;
 His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
 By their sweet strife of prayer.

VII.

The Mother prays her mighty prayer,
 In accents meek and faint,
 And highest heaven is quick to own
 The beautiful constraint.

VIII.

The Eternal Son takes up the prayer
 Upon His royal throne ;
 The Son His human Mother hears,
 The Sire His equal Son.

IX.

The Spirit hears, and He consents
 His mission to fulfil ;
 For what is asked hath ever been
 His own eternal will.

X.

Ten days and nights in Acts Divine
Of awful love were spent,
While Mary and her children prayed
The Spirit might be sent.

XI.

The joy of angels grew and grew
On Mary's wondrous prayer,
And the Divine Complacence stooped
To feed His glory there.

XII.

Her eyes to heaven were humbly raised,
While for her Spouse she prayed ;
Methought the sweetness of her prayer
His blissful coming stayed.

XIII.

For ever coming did He seem,
For ever on the wing ;
His chosen angels round his Throne
Now gazed, now ceased to sing.

XIV.

How beautiful, how passing speech,
The Dove did then appear,
As the hour of His humility
At Mary's word drew near !

XV.

The hour was come ; the wings of love
 By His own will were freed :
 The hour was come ; the Eternal Three
 His mission had decreed.

XVI.

Then for His love of worthless men,
 His love of Mary's worth,
 His beauteous wings the Dove outspread,
 And winged his flight to earth.

XVII.

O wondrous Flight ! He left not heaven,
 Though earth's low fields He won,
 But in the Bosom still reposed
 Of Father and of Son.

XVIII.

O Flight ! O blessed Flight of Love !
 Let me Thy mercies share ;
 Grant it, sweet Dove ! for my poor soul
 Was part of Mary's prayer !

XVI.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

I.

O mighty Mother ! why that light
In thine uplifted eye ?
Why that resplendent look of more
Than queenlike majesty ?

II.

O waitest thou in this thy joy
For Gabriel once again ?
Is heaven about to part, and make
The Blessed Vision plain ?

III.

She sat ; beneath her shadow were
The Chosen of her Son ;
Within each heart and on each face
Her power and spirit shone.

IV.

Hers was the courage they had won
From her prevailing prayers ;
They gazed on her, until her heart
Began to beat in theirs.

V.

Her Son had left that heart to them :
 For ten long nights and days,
 The Saviour gone, no Spirit come,
 She ruled their infant ways.

VI.

Queen of the Church ! around thee shines
 The purest light of heaven,
 And all created things to thee
 For thy domain are given !

VII.

Why waitest thou then so abashed,
 Wrapt in extatic fear,
 Speechless with adoration, hushed,—
 Hushed as though God were near ?

VIII.

She is a creature ! See ! she bows,
 She trembles though so great ;—
 Created Majesty o'erwhelmed
 Before the Increate !

IX.

He comes ! He comes ! That mighty Breath
 From heaven's eternal shores ;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His Bride as she adores.

X.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echos back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That Upper Room around.

XI.

One moment—and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave ;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.

XII.

One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er her with dread desire ;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

XIII.

Who knows in what a sea of love
Our Lady's heart He drowned ?
Or what new gifts He gave her then ?
What ancient gifts He crowned ?

XIV.

Grace was so multiplied on her,
So grew within her heart,
She stands alone, earth's miracle,
A being all apart.

XV.

What gifts He gave those chosen men,
 Past ages can display ;
 Nay, more, their vigour still inspires
 The weakness of to-day.

XVI.

Those Tongues still speak within the Church,
 That Fire is undecayed ;
 Its well-spring was that Upper Room,
 Where Mary sat and prayed.

XVII.

The Spirit came into the Church
 With His unfailing power ;
 He is the Living Heart that beats
 Within her at this hour.

XVIII.

Speak gently then of Church and Saints,
 Lest you His ways reprove ;
 The Heat, the Pulses of the Church
 Are God's Eternal Love.

XIX.

O let us fall and worship Him,
 The Love of Sire and Son,
 The Consubstantial Breath of God,
 The Coeternal One !

XX.

Ah ! see, how like the Incarnate Word,
His Blessed Self He lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make His riches ours.

XXI.

Most humble Spirit ! Mighty God !
Sweet must Thy Presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee !

XVII.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

I.

Jesus ! my Lord, my God, my all !
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought ?
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

II.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King !
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

III.

O see ! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

IV.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all !
O mystery of love divine !
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine !
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

V.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid,

'Tis God ! 'tis God ! the very God
Whose power both man and angels made !
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

VI.

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells !
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright !
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light !
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

VII.

O earth ! grow flowers beneath His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day !
He comes ! He comes ! O Heaven on earth !
Our Jesus comes upon His way !
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

VIII.

He comes ! He comes ! the Lord of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly !
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord ;
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.
Sweet Sacrament ! we Thee adore !
O, make us love Thee more and more !

IX.

Our hearts leap up ; our trembling song
Grows fainter still ; we can no more ;
Silence ! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Great Sacrament of love divine !
All, all we have or are be Thine !

XVIII.

THE SACRED HEART.

I.

Unchanging and Unchangeable, before angelic
eyes,
The Vision of the Godhead in its tranquil
beauty lies ;
And like a city lighted up all gloriously within,
Its countless lustres glance and gleam, and
sweetest worship win.
On the Unbegotten Father, awful wellspring
of the Three,
On the Sole Begotten Son's coequal Majesty,

On Him eternally breathed forth from Father
and from Son,
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreck-
oned ages run.

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

II.

Still the Fountain of the Godhead giveth forth
eternal Being,
Still begetting, still begotten, still His own
perfection seeing,
Still limiting His own loved Self with His dear
coequal Spirit,
No change comes o'er His blissful Life, no
shadow passeth near it.
And beautiful dread Attributes, all manifold
and bright,
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves in
one self-living light ;
And far in that deep Life of God, in harmony
complete,
Like crownèd kings, all opposite perfections
take their seat.

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

III.

And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens,
nothing brightens,
But the living Life of God perpetually lightens ;
And created life is nothing but a radiant
shadow fleeing
From the unapproachèd lustres of that Unbe-
ginning Being :
Spirits wise and deep have watched that ever-
lasting Ocean,
And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled
faintest motion ;
In glory undistinguished never have the Three
seemed One,
Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence
run.

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

IV.

There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone
prerogatives,
And in the Father's Mind the Son, all self-
existing, lives,
With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest
depth of love,
Life-giving Life of twofold source, the many-
gifted Dove !
O Bountiful ! O Beautiful ! can Power or Wis-
dom add
Fresh features to a life, so munificent and glad ?
Can even Uncreated Love, ye Angels ! give a
hue
Which can ever make the Unchanging and
Unchangeable look new ?

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

V.

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their
Might, [Wisdom bright !
As wondrous as Their Love, and as Their

As They, who out of nothing called creation at
the first,
In everlasting purposes Their own design had
nursed,—
As They, who in Their solitude, Three Persons,
once abode,
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become crea-
tion's God,—
What They owed not to Themselves they stooped
to owe to man,
And pledged Their glory to Him, in an unim-
aginable plan.

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

VI.

See ! deep within the glowing depth of that
Eternal Light,
What change hath come, what vision new
transports angelic sight ?
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss ?
A novelty in God ? O what nameless thing is
this ?

The beauty of the Father's Power is o'er it
 brightly shed,
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction
 on its head ;
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous
 part,
While it lives the loving life of a real Human
 Heart !

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
 Before the Holy Trinity,
 One Undivided Three !

VII.

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of
 red Blood,
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon
 for food !
In the brightness of the Godhead is its mar-
 vellous abode,
A change in the Unchanging, Creation touch-
 ing God !
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that
 Vision gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worship-
 ful amaze,

And adore, while with extatic skill the Three
in One ye scan,
The Mercy that hath planted there that blessed
Heart of Man !

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three !

VIII.

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blissful
Vision last,
And Its brightness o'er immortalized creation
will it cast ;
Ungrowing and unfading, Its pure Essence
doth it keep,
In the deepest of those depths where all are
infinitely deep ;
Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever
been,
As It was before that Human Heart was there
by angels seen,
So is It at this very hour, so will It ever be,
With that Human Heart within It, beating
hot with love of me !

Myriad, myriad Angels raise
Happy hymns of wondering praise,
Ever through eternal days,
Before the Holy Trinity,
One Undivided Three!

XIX.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

I.

Mother of Mercy ! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more ;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

II.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light with love of thee ?

III.

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God ;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

IV.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me ;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee ?

V.

Get me the grace to love thee more ;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;
And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,
O I shall love thee then indeed !

VI.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me ;
And O ! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother ! if I love not thee ?

XX.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

I.

O purest of creatures ! sweet Mother ! sweet
Maid !
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid !

Dark night hath come down on us, Mother !
and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

II.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-
spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled ;
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are
on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

III.

The Church doth what God had first taught
her to do ;
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that
were true ;
Through the ages He looked, and He found
none but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !

IV.

He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair ;
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother ! but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star
of the Sea !

V.

Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in
thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest ;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in
thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

VI.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;
For the Heaven He left He found Heaven in
thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

VII.

To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,
That God found one creature unfallen on earth,
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

VIII.

So age after age in the Church had gone round,
And the Saints new inventions of homage have
found,

New titles of honour, new honours for thee,
New love for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

IX.

And now from the Church of all lands thy dear
name
Comes borne on the breath of one mighty
acclaim ;
Men call on their father, that He should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

X.

O shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine !
For the primest of honours, dear Mother ! is thine ;
“ Conceived without sin,” thy new title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of
the Sea !

XI.

So worship we God in these rude latter days ;
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

XII.

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother !
deep night, [light ;
And we need more than ever the guide of thy

For the darker the night is, the brighter
should be

Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

XXI.

THE PURIFICATION.

I.

Joy ! Joy ! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of Kings ;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

II.

St. Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The Everlasting Dove !

III.

There in the temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,

And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy ;
But, see ! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.

IV.

O Infant God ! O Christ !
O Light most beautiful !
Thou comest, Joy of Joys !
All darkness to annul ;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy Light are dull.

V.

O Mary ! bear Him quick
Into His temple gate,
For poor impatient souls
His healing sunrise wait ;
And pay His price that He
May be emancipate.

VI.

Yes ! thou wilt set Him free ;
He will be wholly ours,
To lighten every soul
In earth's benighted bowers,
Undoing Adam's curse,
And turning thorns to flowers.

VII.

Ah ! with what thrills of awe
The Mother's heart is teeming,
To think the new-born light
That o'er the world is streaming,
At His own Mother's hands
Should stoop to need redeeming.

VIII.

Then to that Mother now
All rightful worship be !
For Thou hast ransomed Him
Who first did ransom thee ;
O with thy Mother's tongue,
Pray Him to ransom me !

XXII.

THE DOLOURS OF OUR LADY.

I.

God of Mercy ! let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows flows ;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
Jesu's wounds, and Mary's woes.

II.

Ah ! those tears Our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin ;
Tears that Jesu's sorrows fed,
Peace and pardon well may win !

III.

His five Wounds a very home
For our prayers and praises prove ;
And our Lady's Woes become
Endless joys in Heaven above.

IV.

Jesus, who for us didst die,
All on Thee our love we pour ;
And in the Holy Trinity
Worship Thee for ever more.

(From the Breviary "*Summæ Deus
Clementiæ.*")

XXIII.

MONTH OF MAY.

PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD,
FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

1. Joy of my heart ! O let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month of May.
2. Mary ! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.
3. Direct my wandering feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.
4. Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.
5. Mother ! be love of thee a ray
From Heaven, to show the heavenward way.
6. Mary ! make haste thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.
7. Mother of God ! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8. Oh Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.
9. When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.
10. Oh Mary ! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.
11. If time for penance still be mine,
Mother, the precious gift is thine.
12. Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.
13. Oh, for my own, and others' sin,
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.
14. To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief.
15. To thee our love and troth are given ;
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.
16. Sweet Day-Star ! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.
17. We love thee, light of sinners' eyes !
O let thy prayer for sinners rise.

18. Look at us, Mother Mary ! see
How piteously we look to thee.
19. I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.
20. Oh Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.
21. Sweet Stewardess of God, thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransomed heirs.
22. Oh Virgin-born ! Oh Flesh Divine !
Cleanse us, and make us wholly Thine.
23. Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do impart.
24. Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below.
25. Oh Queen of Heaven ! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.
26. O then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.
27. Mother of God ! to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28. Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
29. Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.
30. O give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.
31. One more request, and I have done ;—
With love of thee and thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

XXIV.

ANOTHER MONTH OF MARY.

MARY, THE FLOWER OF GOD.

I.

O Flower of Grace ! divinest Flower !
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower !
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in heaven eternal May,
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

II.

Choice Flower ! that bloomest on the breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head :
O Mary ! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

III.

O queenly Flower ! enthroned above,
The trophy of Almighty love !
Ah me ! how He hath hung thee round
With all love-tokens that abound
With God's own light beyond the reach
Of angel song or mortal speech !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

IV.

O Flower of God ! divinest Flower !
Elected for His inmost bower !
Where Angels come not, there art thou ;
A crown of glory on thy brow,
While far below, all bright and brave,
Their gleamy palms the Ransomed wave.

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

V.

O bless thee for thy beauty, then,
Delight of angels, trust of men !
A sceptre unto thee is given,
Queen of the Sacred Heart ! in heaven,
Like His who made, O blest decree !
Thee for Himself, all else for thee !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

VI.

O godlike Creature ! nigh to God !
In whom the Eternal Word abode !
The mirror of God's beauty thou,
On thee His dread perfections show
So palpably, men's hearts might faint
With an exceeding ravishment.

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

VII.

Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first,
In meekness proved, in sorrow nursed ;
And heaven must own its debt to earth,
Sweet Flower ! for thy surpassing worth ;
And angels, for their queen's dear sake,
Our road to thee more smooth shall make.

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

VIII.

O Help of Christians ! mercy-laden !
O blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !
O Sinless ! were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love His sinful creatures so.

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

IX.

O Mary ! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be ;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt ;
And so it is,—that utterly,
Mother of God ! we trust in thee !

Mother dearest ! Mother fairest !
Maiden purest ! Maiden rarest !
Help of earth and joy of heaven !
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother ! Blissful Maiden !

XXV.

THE ASSUMPTION.

I.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
All beautiful and bright ;
For higher still, and higher,
Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

II.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been ;
And, save the Throne of God,
Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen !

III.

O happy Angels ! look,
How beautiful she is !
See ! Jesus bears her up,
Her hand is locked in His ;
O who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss ?

IV.

And shall I lose thee then,
Lose my sweet right to thee ?
Ah ! no—the Angel's Queen
Man's mother still will be,
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

V.

On then, dear Pageant, on !
Sweet music breathes around ;
And love like dew distills
On hearts in rapture bound ;
The Queen of heaven goes up
To be proclaimed and crowned !

VI.

On—through the countless stars
Proceeds the bright array ;

And Love Divine comes forth
To light her on her way,
Through the short gloom of night,
Into celestial day.

VII.

The Eternal Father calls
His daughter to be blessed ;
The Son His Maiden-Mother
Woos unto His Breast ;
The Holy Ghost His spouse
Beckons into her rest.

VIII.

Swifter and swifter grows
That marvellous flight of love,
As though her heart were drawn
More vehemently above :
While jubilant angels part
A pathway for the Dove !

IX.

Hark ! hark ! through highest heaven
What sounds of mystic mirth !
Mary by God proclaimed
Queen of Immaculate Birth,
And diademed with stars,
The lowliest of the earth !

X.

See ! see ! the Eternal Hands
Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
Of Mercy sitteth down,
For ever and for ever,
On her predestined throne !

XXVI.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY,
FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

I.

O turn to Jesus, Mother ! turn,
And call Him by His tenderest names ;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

II.

Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight ;
In death's cold arms they persevered ;
And after life's uncheery night
The harbour of their rest is neared.

III.

In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favourites of Jesus ! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshipping God's purity.

IV.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His blood ;
And angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.

V.

They are the children of thy tears ;
Then hasten, Mother ! to their aid ;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

VI.

See, how they bound amid their fires,
While pain and love their spirits fill ;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmurs, and lie still.

VII.

Ah me ! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And as He looks His Bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

VIII.

O Mary ! let thy Son no more
His lingering Spouses thus expect ;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.

IX.

Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed ;
Angels and Souls, all look to thee ;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

XXVII.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

I.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Husband of Mary, hail !
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

II.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Father of Christ esteemed !
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

III.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Prince of the House of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

IV.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Comrade of angels, hail !
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.

V.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
God's choice wert thou alone ;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

VI.

Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name.

VII.

Mother of Jesus ! bless,
And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

XXVIII.

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

I.

Dear Husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of her
Child !

Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild ;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we
see ;

Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! we lean upon thee.

II.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side ;
Ah ! blessed Saint Joseph ! how safe should
I be,

Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! if thou wert with
me !

III.

O blessed Saint Joseph ! how great was thy
worth,

The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus—ah ! then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! a father to me ?

IV.

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy
God ;

Yet light was that burden, none lighter could
be : [me ?

Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! O canst thou bear

V.

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease,
What weights, blessed Patron ! more galling
than these ?

My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see ;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! O canst thou love
me ?

VI.

Ah ! give me thy Burden to bear for a while ;
Let me kiss His warm lips, and adore His sweet
smile ;

With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! my pleader with
thee !

VII.

When the treasures of God were unsheltered
on earth,

Safe keeping was found for them both in thy
worth ;

O Father of Jesus ! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! and I will love thee.

VIII.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now ?
There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! O deign to love me !

XXIX.

THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

I.

In pulses deep of threefold Love,
Self-hushed and self-possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
Had lived in silent rest.

II.

With His own greatness all alone
The sight of Self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys
Before His eye serene.

III.

He lay before Himself, and gazed
As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
With dread untold delight.

IV.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause ;
For His own glory 'twas enough
That He was what He was.

V.

His glory was full grown ; His light
Had owned no dawning dim ;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For nought could grow in Him.

VI.

He stirred—and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore He should move ;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

VII.

It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

VIII.

He stirred ; and beauty all at once
Forth from His Being broke ;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things, awoke.

IX.

Order and multitude and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed ;
And realms of newly-fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

X.

How wonderful is life in Heaven
Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated Love has crowned
His first created fires.

XI.

But, see ! new marvels gather there !
The wisdom of the Son
With Heaven's completest wonder ends
The work so well begun.

XII.

The Throne is set : the blessed Three
Crowning their work are seen—
The Mother of the First-Born Son,
The first-born creatures' Queen !

XXX.

ST. MICHAEL.

I.

Hail, bright Archangel ! Prince of heaven !
Spirit divinely strong !
To whose rare merit hath been given
To head the angelic throng !

II.

Thine the first worship was, when gloom
Through heaven's thinned ranks did move,
Thus giving unto God the bloom
Of young creation's love.

III.

Thy zeal, with holiest awe inspired,
All other zeals outran,
With love of Mary's honour fired,
And of the Word made Man.

IV.

For God to thee, O Vision glad !
The Virgin-Mother showed,
And in His lower nature clad
The Eternal Word of God.

V.

Then worshipping the splendour sent
From out those counsels dim,
In meekest adoration bent,
Thou sangst thy voiceless hymn :

VI.

And the stars answered to thy song,
The Morning Stars of heaven ;
And His first praise the angelic throng
To their Queen's Son had given.

VII.

Zealot of Jesus ! from thy sword
Fling drops of gleamy fire,
To make our worship of the Word
More keenly burn and higher.

VIII.

Our vile world-frozen hearts bedew
With thy celestial flame,
And burn our spirits through and through
With zeal for Jesu's Name.

IX.

O trumpet-tongued ! O beautiful !
O force of the Most High !
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy majesty.

X.

First servant of the Ineffable,
The first created eye,
That ever, proved and perfect, fell
On the dread Trinity !

XI.

The strength, wherewith thy spirit dared
To love that Blissful Sight,
That mystery to thee first bared
After eternal night—

XII.

That strength, O Prince ! is strength to us,
Comfort and deepest joy,
That our dear God is worshipped thus
Without our base alloy.

XIII.

O Michael ! worship Him this night,
The Father, Word and Dove,
Renewing with strong act the might
Of thy first marvellous love.

XIV.

Glory to Him ! the Eternal Dove
Whose boundless mercy fed
His glory from thine acts of love
With condescension dread.

XV.

Praise to the Three, whose love designed
Thee champion of the Lord,
Who first conceived thee in His mind,
And made thee with His Word,

XVI.

Who stooped from nothingness to raise
A life like thine so high,
Beauty and being that should praise
His love eternally !

XXXI.

ST. GABRIEL.

I.

Hail, Gabriel ! hail ! a thousand Hails
For thine whose music still prevails
In the world's listening ear !
Angelic Word ! sent forth to tell
How the Eternal Word should dwell
Amid His creatures here !

II.

Familiar of the Eternal Word !
To thee the Wisdom of thy Lord
By special grace was shown ;

And in the secrets of His will,
Thy love for sinners drank its fill,
And made our lot thine own :

III.

Counsels of mercy, visions bright
Of grace to overflow the night
Of man's most hapless fall ;
Predestination's secret might,
The Passion's depth, our Lady's height,
The Vision crowning all !

IV.

God's Confident ! fair task was thine,
Depths within depths of Love Divine,
To fathom and adore,
Till even thy marvellous mind was lost
In worship blind upon that coast
Of endless More and More !

V.

Angel of Jesus ! days gone by
Bore burdens of kind prophecy
To quicken hope delayed ;
Then, preluding with John's sweet name,
At length thy choicest music came
Unto the Mother Maid.

VI.

Voice of heaven's sweetness, uttered low,
Thy words like strains of music grow
Upon the stilly night,
Clear echoes from the Mind of God,
Stealing through Mary's blest abode
In pulses of delight.

VII.

O Voice ! dear Voice ! the ages hear
That Hail of thine still lingering near,
An unexhausted song ;
And still thou com'st with balmy wing,
And O ! thou seemest still to sing,
Thine Ave to prolong.

VIII.

O meditative Spirit ! bright
With beauty and abounding light,
Life of surpassing bliss,
Brooding, profound, most calm in power,
What joy for thee to feel each hour
How deep thy being is !

IX.

Pure as the sunrise, fair as light,
Lovely as visions of the night
Where saintly souls find food ;

Angel of worship ! skilled and wise,
Thou hauntest prayer and sacrifice,
Because they fit thy mood.

X.

Zeal burns thee like a quiet fire,
All selfpossest in chaste desire,
As Daniel's was of old ;
And thou hast caught from God's near Throne
His love of creatures, and His tone
Of charity untold.

XI.

O blessed Gabriel ! Tongue of God !
Sweet-spoken Spirit ! thou hast showed
To us the Word made Man ;
He bade thee break His silence here ;
The tale thou told'st in Mary's ear
His coming scarce fore-ran.

XII.

Jesus is nigh where Gabriel is ;
His presence too was Mary's bliss,
And Daniel loved him near ;
Angel of grace ! O prophecy
To us of God's forgiving Eye,
Which thou canst see all clear.

XIII.

Joseph and John were, like to thee,
Chosen for Mary's custody

In her retired abode ;
O Gabriel ! get us love like theirs,
For her whose unremitting prayers
Have gained us love of God !

XIV.

Take up in Heaven for us thy part,
And, singing to the Sacred Heart,
Thy strains of rapture raise ;
And tune with endless Ave still
The voices of the Blessed, and fill
The Ear of God with praise !

XXXII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

(FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.)

I.

Dear Angel ! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A guilty wretch like me.

II.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

III.

I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

IV.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

V.

And when, dear Spirit ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

VI.

Yes ! when I pray thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

VII.

But most of all I feel thee near,
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

VIII.

And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

IX.

Ah me ! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified ;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought !
Is ever at my side.

X.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel ! now
More humble will I be :
But I am weak, and when I fall,
O weary not of me :

XI.

O weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen ;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

XII.

She will reward thee with a smile ;
Thou know'st what it is worth !
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

XIII.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear !
And I will love thee more ;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

XXXIII.

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

I.

It is no earthly summer's ray
That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crowned.

II.

The blessed Seer to whom were given
The hearts of men to teach and school,
And he that keeps the keys of heaven
For those on earth that own his rule ;—

III.

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word
Shall pass the doom of life or death,
By humble cross and bleeding sword
Well have they won their laurel wreath.

IV.

O happy Rome, made holy now
By these two martyrs' glorious blood,
Earth's best and fairest cities bow
By thy superior claims subdued.

V.

For thou alone art worth them all,
City of martyrs ! thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.

VI.

All honour, power, and praise be given
To Him who reigns in bliss on high,
For endless, endless years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity !

Amen.

(From the Breviary—" *Decora lux æternitatis auream.*")

XXXIV.

TO OUR HOLY FATHER AND BLESSED
FOUNDER, ST. PHILIP NERI.

I.

Dear Father Philip ! holy Sire !
We are poor sons of thine,
Thy last and least,—then to our prayers
A father's ear incline.

II.

We wandered weeping heretofore
For many a long, long day ;
But thou hast taught us how to mourn
In thy more tender way :

III.

To mourn that God of all His sons
So little loved should be ;
To mourn that mid the world's cold hearts
None were more cold than we ;

IV.

To mourn, and yet to joy and love,
With overflowing heart,
And in thy school of Christian mirth
To bear our humble part.

V.

Gay as the lark at morning's door,
Singing its fearless song ;
Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns
In secret all day long ;

VI.

Busy and blythe in hidden cell,
Or crowded street no less,
We use thy modest wiles to save
The world by cheerfulness.

VII.

Mid strife and change, cold hearts and tongues,
How much we owe to thee !
This sunny service ! who could dream
Earth had such liberty.

VIII.

Look at the crowds of this sweet land,
Dear Father Philip ! see
How shepherdless they wander on,
How lone, how hopelessly !

IX.

O make us sons of thine indeed,
Fill us with thy true mirth,
Thy strength of prayer, thy might of love,
To change these hearts of earth.

X.

By thee for Mary's household hired,
May burning heart and word
So preach her, that her name may be
In England like a sword.

XI.

And oft above our shrines be seen,
In humblest garments swathed,
Our God and King, while every eye
In speechless tears is bathed.

XII.

May crowds, like reeds before the wind,
In utter love bow down,
In utter love and faith before
His sacramental throne ;

XIII.

While from His known and kingly eye
Bright streams of blessing part,
And rain like sunbeams far within
The rapt and trembling heart.

XIV.

In Philip's name, in Philip's way,
To God and Mary true,
In this our own dear native land
Good work we fain would do.

XV.

To this our own dear native land
We welcome thee to-day ;
Dread Father ! come and toil with us
In thine own trustful way.

XVI.

Jesus and Mary be the stars
That shine for us on high :
God and St. Philip ! brothers ! be
Our gentle battle-cry.

XVII.

By haughty word, cold force of mind,
We seek not hearts to rule ;
Hearts win the hearts they seek ! Behold
The secret of our school !

XVIII.

By winning way, by playful love,
Our wonders will we do,
The playfulness of such as know
Their faith alone is true.

XIX.

By touch and tone, by voice and eye,
By many a little wile,
May cold and sin-bound spirits own
In us our Father's guile.

XX.

Dear Father Philip ! give to us
Thy manners gay and free,
Thy patient trust, thy plaint of prayer,
Thy deep simplicity.

XXXV.

ST. PHILIP IN ENGLAND.

I.

Saint Philip came from the sunny South,
From the streets of holy Rome ;
His heart was hot with the love of souls,
And England gave him a home.

II.

He had never slept outside the town
More than half his quiet life ;
But his heart so burned, in heaven he turned
A pilgrim, and man of strife.

III.

Through many a land and o'er many a sea
With his staff and beads he came ;
Men saw him not, but their hearts grew hot,
As though they were near a flame.

IV.

In France and Spain, and in Polish towns,
He planted his School of Mirth,
In Mexico, and in rich Peru,
Nay, in every nook of earth.

V.

He came himself, that travelling Saint !
Felt, if not heard or seen ;
It was not enough his sons should be
Like what Philip himself had been.

VI.

Dear England he saw, its cold, cold hearts ;
Quoth he, What a burning shame
That hearts so bold should be still so cold ;
Good truth ! they have need of my flame !

VII.

He came with his staff, he came with his beads ;
You would know the old man by sight,
If he were not a Saint who hides his face
And his virgin eyes so bright.

VIII.

Tell me if ever your heart of late
Hath been strangely set on fire ;
Have you been hardly patient with life,
And looked on death with desire ?

IX.

Has earth seemed dull, or your soul been full
Until you were fain to cry ?
Or have holy Names burnt you like flames,
And you knew not how or why ?

X.

Hath sin seemed the easiest thing in the world
To put at arm's length from yourself ?
Hath Mary, sweet Mary, grown precious to you,
Like a miser's hidden pelf ?

XI.

If it so be, O listen to me !
Rejoice, for Saint Philip is nigh ;
At Jesu's Name he hath lit his flame,
And you felt him passing by.

XII.

He is out on earth to spread Mary's mirth,
And that is—saving poor souls ;
And happy are those on whom he throws
But one of his burning coals.

XIII.

This is the way that Saint Philip works !
He comes in the midst of your cares,
He passes by, turns back on the sly,
And catches you unawares.

XIV.

Light to your eyes, and song to your ears,
A touch that pricks like a dart,
'Tis Philip alone works in hearts of stone,
And Mary taught him his art.

XV.

Now down on your knees, good neighbours,
please ;
Thank our dear Lady for this,—
That Philip hath come to an English home
With those winning ways of his.

XVI.

Ask him to stay full many a day,
A hardworking Saint is he !
And is it not true there is much to do
In this land of liberty ?

XVII.

Now read me aright, good people, pray !
'Tis Philip himself is here ;
'Tis Philip's flame more than Philip's name
That you all should prize so dear.

XVIII.

For Philip's sons are but Philip's staff,
A staff that he wieldeth still ;
Good father he is to those sons of his,
But a sire with a right strong will.

XIX.

He is not content his sons should be
Like what their father hath been ;
He works himself ; he trusts no one else ;
He is here to-day, I ween.

XX.

Bid him God speed, since the Roman Saint
An Englishman fain would be ;
Long may he bide by his new fireside,
For a right merry Saint is he !

XXXVI.

ST. PHILIP'S CONVERTS.

I.

Sweet Saint Philip ! thou hast won us,
Though our hearts were hard as stone ;
Sin had once well-nigh undone us,
Now we live for God alone.
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

II.

Sweet Saint Philip ! we are weeping
Not for sorrow, but for glee ;
Bless thy converts bravely keeping
To the bargain made with thee.
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

III.

Sweet Saint Philip ! old friends want us
To be with them as before ;
And old times, old habits haunt us,
Old temptations press us sore.
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

IV.

Sweet Saint Philip ; do not fear us ;
Get us firmness, get us grace ;
Only thou, dear Saint ! be near us ;
We shall safely run the race !
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

V.

Sweet Saint Philip ! make us wary ;
Sin and Death are all around ;
Bring us Jesus ! bring us Mary !
We shall conquer and be crowned !
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

VI.

Sweet Saint Philip ! keep us humble,
Make us pure as thou wert pure ;
Strongest purposes will crumble,
If we boast, and make too sure.
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

VII.

Sweet Saint Philip ! come and ease us
Of the weary load we bear ;
Put us in the heart of Jesus,
Dearest Saint ! and leave us there.
Help in Mary ! Joy in Jesus !
Sin and Self no more shall please us !
We are Philip's gift to God.

XXXVII.

ST. PHILIP'S PICTURE.

I.

Saint Philip ! I have never known
A Saint as I know thee ;
For none have made their wills and ways
So plain for men to see !
I live with thee ; and in my toil
All day thou hast thy part,
And then I come at night to learn
Thy picture off by heart.

II.

O what a prayer thy picture is !
Was Jesus like to thee ?
Whence hast thou caught that lovely look
That preaches so to me ?
Sermon and prayer thy picture is !
And music to the eye,
Song to the soul, a song that sings
Of whitest purity !

III.

A blessing on thy name, dear Saint !
Blessing from young and old,
Whom thou in Mary's gallant band
Hast winningly enrolled !
If ever there were poor man's Saint,
That very Saint art thou !
If ever time were fit for thee,
Dear Saint ! that time is now !

IV.

Philip ! strange missionary thou art,
Biding so still at home,
Content if with the evening star
Souls to thy nets will come !
If ever spell could make hard work
Profit and pastime be,
That spell is in thy coaxing ways,
That magic is in thee.

V.

Sweet-faced old Man ! for so I dare,
Saint though thou be on high,
To name thee, for thou temptest love
By thy humility,

Sweet-faced old Man ! what are thy wiles
With which thou winnest men ?
Art thou All Saints within thyself ?
If not, what art thou then ?

VI.

John's love of Mary thou hast got ;
Thy house is Mary's home ;
And then thou hast Paul's love of souls,
With Peter's love of Rome.
Thy heart that was so large and strong
It could not quiet bide,
O was it not like His that beats
Within a wounded Side ?

VII.

Saint of the over-worked and poor !
Saint of the sad and gay !
Jesus and Mary be with those
Who keep to thy true way !
O bless us, Philip ! Saint most dear !
Thine Oratory bless,
And gain for those who seek thee there
The gift of Holiness !

XXXVIII.

ST. PHILIP'S CHARITY.

I.

All ye who love the ways of sin,
Come to St. Philip's feet and learn
The baits that Jesus hath to win
His truant children to return.

All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

II.

That Saint can do such things for you
As your poor hearts would never dream ;
For he can make the false world true,
And penance life's best pleasure seem.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

III.

His words like gentlest dews distill,
His face is calm as summer eve ;
His look can tame the wildest will,
And make the stoutest heart to grieve.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

IV.

He smiles ; and evil habit fails
To bind its victim as before ;
Old sins drop off the soul like scales,
Old wounds are healed, and leave no sore.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

V.

His hand, with virgin fragrance fraught,
The heart with painless pressure strains,
And with one touch all evil thought,
All worldly longing from it drains.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

VI.

He breathes on us ; the spicy gale
Of Araby is not more sweet ;
He breathes new life in hearts that fail,
New vigour into weary feet.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

VII.

His voice can raise the dead to life,
So wonderful its accents are ;

He speaks,—there is an end of strife,
And of the soul's internal war.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

VIII.

Come, sinners ! ye need not forego
Your portion of light-hearted mirth ;
He came unthought-of roads to show,
And plant a paradise on earth.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

IX.

Come, try the Saint : his words are true ;
Give him your hearts ; he gives you heaven ;
He sets light penance, and will do
The penance he himself hath given.
All praise and thanks to Jesus be
For sweet St. Philip's charity !

XXXIX.

ST. PHILIP AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

I.

Pining for old poetic times,
Young hearts have oft unwisely grieved,
As though there were no days like those
When men loved less than they believed.

II.

Yet are they sure if, on those days,
Their span of trial had been cast,
They would have well, in penance deared,
The long sustained ordeal passed ?

III.

Teasing hair-shirt and prickly chain,
Rude discipline and bed of earth,—
Would they have tamed by these rough ways
Their love of ease and pride of birth ?

IV.

God's poor, God's Church,—are these to-day
Welcomed and nourished at their cost,
Yea, to the brink of poverty ?
If not, how sounds their idle boast ?

V.

Ah no ! it is not jewelled cope,
 Brave pomps or incense-laden air,
 Can lull the pains of aching hearts,
 Or bring the Saviour's pardon there.

VI.

No ! to be safe, these outward things
 Interior strictness must control ;
 To play with beauty and with art
 Saves not, nor heals, the wounded soul.

VII.

No ! dear St. Philip ! we must learn
 Our wisdom in thy heavenly school,
 Love thy restraints, and wear thy yoke,
 And persevere beneath thy rule.

VIII.

Love is to us, in these late days,
 What faith in those old times might be ;
 He that hath love lacks not of faith,
 And hath beside love's liberty.

XL.

ST. PHILIP AND THE WORLD.

I.

The world is wise, for the world is old ;
Five thousand years their tale have told ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

II.

The world is kind if we ask not too much ;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

III.

The world is strong with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

IV.

The world is so beautiful, one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear ;

Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

V.

The world is good in its own poor way ;
There is rest by night and high spirits by day ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

VI.

This very world saw Messiah's birth,
And Mary was only a daughter of earth ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

VII.

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things ;
Yet the world is not happy as the world might
be—

Why is it ? why is it ? O answer me !

VIII.

What lackest thou, world ! for God made thee
of old ?

Why,—thy faith hath gone out, and thy heart
grown cold ;

Thou art not as happy as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

IX.

It is love that thou lackest, thou poor old world !
Who shall make thy blood hot for thee, frozen
old world ?

Thou art not as happy as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

X.

God hath sent thee a Saint new heat to impart ;
Love is always at highwater mark in his heart :
He will make thee as happy as thou mayest be,
'Tis St. Philip of Rome who is sent to thee.

XI.

Now, foolish old world ! kick not at his rule ;
Be content if he sends thy grey hairs back to
school.

He will make thee as happy as thou canst be,
For he will bid Mary pray for thee.

XII.

Poor world ! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember—the Saints must have their own
way :

I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be—
But the love of God would do all for thee,

XIII.

And Jesus and Mary would set thee free,
Hadst thou ears to hear and eyes to see,
What good Father Philip has done for me,
For the love of God is the creature's liberty !

XLI.

ST. PHILIP'S DEATH.

I.

Day set on Rome ; its golden morn
Had seen the world's Creator borne
 Around St. Peter's square ;
Trembling and weeping all the way,
God's Vicar with his God that day
 Made pageant brave and rare !

II.

Night came ; through Rome, in place and street
Was hushed the tread of pilgrim's feet ;
 The dew fell soft as balm ;
The summer moon's unsteady beam
Quivered on Tyber's hurrying stream ;
 All but his wave was calm !

III.

The city slept as though 'twere spent
With love of that dear Sacrament,
As hearts o'erjoyed will sleep ;
The night was lovely as a spell,
Its beautiful repose so well
Rome's Festa seemed to keep.

IV.

St. Mary's glistening roofs were seen
Clear marked in moonlight soft and keen
Against the cloudless sky ;
And round the Vallicella flew
Angels as thick as stars that strew
The azure fields on high.

V.

O come to Father Philip's cell,
Rome's rank and youth, they know it well,
Come ere the moment flies !
The feast hath been too much for him ;
His heart is full, his eye is dim,
And Rome's Apostle dies !

VI.

One of God's mightiest Saints is he ;
Mark well his acts, none light can be ;
All are on God intent ;

'Twas Philip's craft ; and we may dare
Our father with his Lord compare
In wile and blandishment.

VII.

The smile, the jest, the sportive blow
Served but to hide the depths below
Of supernatural power ;
And never strove he to control
The hidden beauty of his soul
More than in that last hour.

VIII.

An old man's carefulness that day,
With fond caress and childlike play,
Beyond his wont were blent ;
Thoughtful of little things, he gave
Counsel perhaps a shade more grave
Than common to the Saint.

IX.

None deemed those hours of talk and mirth
Were his foreseen farewell to earth ;
'Twas only Philip's way ;
Yet when he went, his children yearned
For the strange fire unmarked that burned
Within their hearts that day.

X.

He gazed on Peter's martyr hill ;
Some glowing vision seemed to fill
His calmly raptured eye ;
His mass, half said, half sung, was o'er ;
None had e'er heard such strains before,
Nor dared to ask him why.

XI.

Thou art not yet mid angel choirs ;
Wherefore this burst of song, these fires
From harps of seraphs riven ?
Thou canst not wait ; but wilt with them
Sing as they sang at Bethlehem,
Glory in Highest Heaven !

XII.

Hours passed, and Philip's cheerful cell
Heard the light laugh, the gay farewell ;
'Twas Philip still to all :
Confessions heard, his office said,
The old man sat upon his bed,
Waiting the Bridegroom's call !

XIII.

" How wanes the night, my sons ?" he said ;
He heard, and straight his reckoning made ;
Time's lagging foot went slow :

“ Aye, three and two, and three and three,—

“ And then the captive will be free,—

“ At the sixth hour I go !”

XIV.

Come, O Creator Spirit ! come,

Take Thine elect unto his home,

Thy chosen one, sweet Dove !

“ Come to thy rest,” he hears Thee say ;

He waits not—he hath passed away

In mortal trance of love.

XV.

When Rome in deepest slumber slept,

Our father's children knelt and wept

Around his little bed ;

He raised his eyes, then let them fall

With marked expression upon all ;

He blessed them, and was dead.

XVI.

One half from earth, one half from heaven,

Was that mysterious blessing given,

Just as his life had been

One half in heaven, one half on earth,

Of earthly toil and heavenly mirth

A wondrous woven scene !

XVII.

The Son of Man, the Eternal God,
Toiling a pilgrim on earth's road,
Ceased not in heaven to be ;
That gift He gave to thee in part,
Apostle of the Fiery Heart !
For His great love of thee.

XVIII.

O Jesu ! wondrous holy-day
Rome's children kept ; and little they
Its end and fruit foresaw,
When bells rang out and cannon roared,
And Rome fell prostrate and adored,
Speechless with love and awe.

XIX.

Those joyous bells, those cannon near,
They smote this morn on Philip's ear,
And thrilled him through and through :
Love fell on him as on her prey,
And stirred and shook his heart all day,
As love alone can do.

XX.

It was enough ; the inward strife
No more could last 'twixt love and life ;
His heart, it broke with bliss.

Since Joseph died on Jesu's knee,
Since Mary's spirit was set free,
Was never death like this !

XXI.

Rome's joy admonished him, that earth
Caught but poor shadows of the mirth
Around the Eternal Throne.
Sweet Sacrament ! the love of Thee
Snapped the last chain, and he was free ;
Faith was by love undone !

XXII.

That joyous peal was Philip's knell,
That triumph was the Saint's farewell
To his belovèd Rome ;
Worn out with love, he could not stay
From his dear Lord one other day,
So pined he for his home !

XXIII.

Master of self, with placid eye,
As though 'twere easy work to die,
Nor need to fear his doom,
With calmest dignity, and slow,
As one who at his will can go
Gently from room to room,

XXIV.

Saint Philip passed into the blaze
Of that dread Throne whose light can daze
The seraph's glorious ken ;
As Mary died, so died her son ;
Love got her prey, and Jesus won
His chosen among men.

XXV.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph, bide,
With kind St. Raphael, by my side,
When death shall come for me ;
And, Philip ! leave me not that day,
But let my spirit pass away,
Leaning, dear Sire, on thee !

XLII.

TO ST. WILFRID.

I.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail !
Kindest of patrons, hail !
Whose loving help doth ne'er
Thy trusting children fail !

II.

Saint of the cheerful heart,
Quick step and beaming eye !
Give light unto our lives,
And at our death be nigh !

III.

To Mary's lovers thou,
Sweet Saint ! hast shown the road ;
O teach us how to love
The Mother of our God.

IV.

Give us thy love of work,
Thy spirit's manly powers,
And teach us how to save
This Saxon-land of ours.

V.

Teach us, dear Saint ! to make
The Church our only home,
To love the faith, the rites,
And all the ways of Rome !

VI.

Thy life was one long voyage
Of unabated hope,
Winning the truant hearts
Of England to the Pope.

VII.

We have the same to do,
A labour hard but sweet ;
And we have but to trace
The pathway of thy feet.

VIII.

For England's sake make us
Humble and gay and pure ;
For so the heart works best,
And makes the blessing sure.

IX.

Ah ! we have need of thee,
To knit us all in one,
The mischief to undo
Which our cold hearts have done.

X.

To Ireland's sons of faith
Hard measure have we dealt ;
One faith would breed one heart
In Saxon and in Celt.

XI.

Thou hadst no idle hour ;
Thy gains with toil were bought ;
Saint Wilfrid ! make us love
Our country as we ought !

XII.

Wilfrid ! by thy sweet name
Our little ones we 'll call ;
O then on them and us
Let thy rich blessing fall.

XIII.

Lover of youth ! do thou
Our English children bless ;
Their joyous hearts' first love
For Mary's service press.

XIV.

Into our souls, dear Saint !
With thy blythe courage come,
And make us missionaries
Of Mary and of Rome !

XV.

Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail !
Saint of the free and gay !
Look how we follow thee,
And bless us in our way !

XLIII.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

FOR THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

I.

See ! the sun beyond the hill
Is dipping, dipping down,
Right above that old Scotch fir
Just like a golden crown.

II.

Children ! quick, and come with me ;
Handfuls of cowslips bring,
Hawthorn bright with boughs of white,
And Mayflowers from the spring.

III.

Lucy has fresh shoots of thyme
From her own garden plot :
Jacob's lilac has been stripped—
A gay and goodly lot !

IV.

To St. Wilfrid's we will go,
And give them to the priest ;
He must deck our Lady's shrine
To-morrow for the feast.

V.

Poor indeed the flowers we give,
But we ourselves are poor :
Payment for each gift to her
Is plentiful and sure.

VI.

By the picture Lucy loves
Hail-Maries will we say,
And for him who's far at sea
Most fervently we'll pray.

VII.

When I kneel in that sweet place
I cannot help but cry ;
Then she seems to smile on me
Doubly through her bright eye.

VIII.

Quick ! the cock upon the spire
Shines with his gleamy tail :
He's the last who sees the sun
In all this happy vale.

IX.

God be praised, who sent the faith
To these lone fields of ours,
And God's Mother, too, who takes
Our little tithe of flowers.

XLIV.

RAGGED SCHOOL HYMN.

I.

O Jesus ! God and Man !
For love of children once a child !
O Jesus ! God and Man !
We hail Thee Saviour sweet and mild !

II.

O Jesus ! God and Man !
Make us poor children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.

III.

O Mary ! Mother Maid !
God made thee Mother of the poor !
Mary ! to thee we look
To make our souls' salvation sure.

IV.

O Mary ! Mother dear !
Thank God, for us, for all His love ;
And pray that in our faith
We all may true and stedfast prove.

V.

O Jesus ! Mary's Son !

On Thee for grace we children call ;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

VI.

O Jesus ! bless our work,

Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive ;
O happy, happy they
Who in the Church of Jesus live !

VII.

O God, most great and good,

At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us alway !

XLV.

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

I.

I was wandering and weary,

When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me :

And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

II.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

III.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me ;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

IV.

He took me on His Shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me ;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along his way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

V.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,
Whenever I did better ;
And He coaxed me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor ;
And I always heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

VI.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me ;

And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

VII.

Let us do then, dearest Brothers !
What will best and longest please us ;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus ;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along his way,
O silly Souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true !

XLVI.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

I.

Faith of our Fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword :
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word :

Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

II.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free :
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

III.

Faith of our Fathers ! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Father ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

IV.

Faith of our Fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

XLVII.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

FOR IRELAND.

I.

Faith of our Fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword :
Oh ! Ireland's hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er they hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

II.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free :
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

III.

Faith of our Fathers ! Mary's prayers
Shall keep our country fast to thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God
O we shall prosper and be free !
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

IV.

Faith of our Fathers ! we must love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee too as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

V.

Faith of our Fathers ! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite ;
But Erin's Saints shall fight for us,
And keep undimmed thy blessed light.
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

VI.

Faith of our Fathers ! distant shores
Their happy faith to Ireland owe ;
Then in our home O shall we not
Break the dark plots against thee now ?
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

VII.

Faith of our Fathers ! days of old
Within our hearts speak gallantly ;

For ages thou hast stood by us,
Dear Faith ! and now we'll stand by thee.
Faith of our Fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

XLVIII.

THE NEW INFIDELITY.

TO THE BROTHERS OF THE LITTLE ORATORY.

I.

They told us there were mighty men abroad,
Gone forth to flush the earth with truth once
more,
Who spoke in grand heroic ways of God,
True men above all sect and sham to soar.

II.

Bards had they of their own, and masculine
seers,
At war with falsehood and unmanly grief,
In strains of beauty preaching to their peers
A new and most magnificent unbelief.

III.

Sorrow, self-sacrifice, all loyal things
In this celestial wisdom found their place ;

And new-fledged souls might take them for
their wings,
Earth without change be Heaven, and Nature
Grace.

IV.

They told us, if we read their books, that we
Nought more unselfish upon earth should find,
No spell more trancing, no philosophy
More eloquently winning to the mind.

V.

Virtue, man-loving God, and Brother Man,
Worshipful progress, falsehood's solemn knells—
These were the thrilling names that leaped and
ran [spells.
Along their lines like watchwords and like

VI.

No fetish rites, no fast or festal day,
No fear of misadventure after death ;
These, and such like, were all to pass away,
The scarescrows of a pusillanimous faith.

VII.

We heard and wondered, tardy to believe ;
Jesus was sweet and Mary very dear ;
Could we in one short moment all unweave
The careful web of many a thoughtful year.

VIII.

Swift our conversion could not be, but slow ;
Reason must sit and judge of reason's lore ;
The trustful seers themselves would have it so ;
A depth like theirs may well need brooding o'er.

IX.

We got their books, and read, and read again,
Wincing at blasphemy, old weakness that !
And then we thought and thought, and racked
our brain
With anxious guess divining what meant what.

X.

Now may we tell what we discovered there ;
Of words a copious mine, of sense much dearth ;
O such a craven-hearted wisdom ne'er
Sought to make room for its poor self on earth !

XI.

Then such Pindaric odes of grand despair
Broke forth from these Protectionists of truth !
Such humble pride in what they had to bear,
While winning back for earth her second youth !

XII.

Why is not the dense world dissolved in tears
The martyrdom of these poor men to see ?
Heroes with none to fight them, household seers,
The saints of some admiring coterie !

XIII.

Up, up, compassionate Rome ! and beat them
down !

They sue for rack and torture at thy hand !

What ! silent still, old Church ? contemptuous
grown,

Sitt'st thou and smilest on old Tyber's strand ?

XIV.

Ah me ! how they bespatter one another
With copious quillfuls of grandiloquent praise ;
Each one retained to canonize his brother,—
Alas ! the sole employment of his days.

XV.

Will no one notice them ? O piteous lot !
Their wares are stale, but then they think them
new ;
And stupid reproductions of old thought
May sound from very repetition true.

XVI.

Alas ! O littleness ! O littleness !
Thou never wert so little as to-day ;
For never was thy cowardly distress
Spoken or sung in such a querulous way !

XVII.

For us what disappointment ! we had thought,
If not converted, we might frightened be,

And with a valorous panic might have sought
To break a lance with infidelity !

XVIII.

Thou hast played false with us, New Unbe-
lief !

Great Sham of Anti-shams ! portentous name !
Wisdom of one idea ! what a grief
To find thy folly so below thy fame !

XIX.

What art thou but a worship of sheer Power,
Rough Hero hands and sinewy craft ? O shame !
Hottentot creed ! as though in earth's sweet
bower

Goodness to men were but a hopeless aim !

XX.

How shall we meet ? what weapon weak enough
To make our fight not laughably unfair !
A Crucifix ? No ! the strong Rood is stuff
For great apostles with false gods at war !

XXI.

Look at our medal-jingling beads ! They shine
With frequent fingering, Aves glibly said :
Weakest of our strong things, they outdo thine,
As David's pebble matched Goliath's head.

XLIX.

CONVERSION.

I.

O Faith ! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.

II.

To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem ;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

III.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

IV.

To other hearts the selfsame truths
No light or heat can bring ;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
Like beads upon a string.

V.

O Gift or' Gifts ! O Grace of Faith !
My God ! how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

VI.

There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.

VII.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine !

VIII.

Ah Grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

IX.

How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief ?

X.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
Seem trifles less than light ;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

XI.

O happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O Faith !
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?

XII.

Thy choice, O God of Goodness ! then
I lovingly adore ;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more !

L.

THE WILL OF GOD.

I.

I worship thee, sweet Will of God !
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

II.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years.

III.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

IV.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men ;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
O thou art loveliest then !

V.

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

VI.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet :
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will !
Thine empire is so sweet.

VII.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

VIII.

I know not what it is to doubt,
My heart is ever gay ;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast thy way.

IX.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

X.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

XI.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

XII.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

XIII.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

XIV.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will !

LI.

THE WORLD.

I.

O Jesus ! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

II.

O yes ! I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

III.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
And willing loss is love's best prize ;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more To-day can sacrifice.

IV.

O Earth ! thou art too beautiful !
And thou, dear Home ! thou art too sweet !
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet !

V.

O bless thee, bless thee, lovely World !
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into a fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

VI.

The woods and flowers, the running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties ?

VII.

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose ;
Known voices are as David's harp
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

VIII.

And yet, bright World ! thou art not wise ;
O no ! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

IX.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
I might have been thy servant still ;
But, ah ! lost love and broken faith,
Poor world ! these are beyond thy skill.

X.

This have I leaned upon, dear Lord !
This world hath had Thy rightful place ;
O come, then, jealous King of love !
Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

XI.

O banish me from all I love,
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

XII.

O take the light away from earth,
Take all that men can love from me ;
Let all I lean upon give way,
That I may lean on nought but Thee !

LII.

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

I.

Ah ! dearest Lord ! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free ;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

II.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

III.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

IV.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
In one bewitching strife.

V.

My very flesh has restless fits ;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire.

VI.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord ! Thou know'st
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

VII.

Ah ! Jesus ! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before Thy Face,
In helpless worship lie.

VIII.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
Or selfish pastime sweet ;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's Feet.

IX.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near,

X.

Had I, dear Lord ! no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

XI.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord !
In weak distracted prayer ;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

XII.

And prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord ! it hangs on Thee.

XIII.

The soul, that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

XIV.

Ah, Jesus! why should I complain?

And why fear aught but sin!

Distractions are but outward things;

Thy peace dwells far within!

XV.

These surface-troubles come and go,

Like rufflings of the sea;

The deeper depth is out of reach

To all, my God, but Thee!

LIII.

SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

I.

Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart?

Why struggle in thy cage?

What shall I do for thee, poor heart!

Thy throbbing heat to swage?

II.

What spell is this come over thee?

My soul! what sweet surprise?

And wherefore these unbidden tears

That start into mine eyes?

III.

How are my passions laid to sleep,
How easy penance seems !
And how the bright world fades away—
O are they all but dreams ?

IV.

How great, how good does God appear,
How dear our holy faith !
How tasteless life's best joys have grown !
How I could welcome death !

V.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !
Dear Spirit ! it is Thou ;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel Thee nestling now.

VI.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask ;
But, O most gentle Dove !
O wherefore hast Thou lit on one
That so repays Thy love ?

VII.

Ah ! that thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
With Thy sweet mastery.

VIII.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are Thy rest ;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

IX.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for Thee.

X.

My heart, sweet Dove ! I'll lend to Thee
To mourn with at Thy will ;
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try
On sinners' souls Thy skill.

XI.

How silver-like Thy plumage is !
Thy voice how grave, how gay !
Ah me ! how I shall miss Thee, Lord !
Then promise me to stay !

XII.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it then but Thee,
And let it be Thy nest.

LIV.

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

I.

O for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty !

II.

O for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called !

III.

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

IV.

O who hath locked those fountains up ?
Those visions who hath stayed ?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade ?

V.

This freezing heart, O Lord ! this will
 Dry as the desert sand,
 Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
 That come without command—

VI.

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
 That cares not for its aim,
 A love that none the hotter grows
 At Jesu's blessed name,—

VII.

The weariness of prayer, the mist
 O'er conscience overspread,
 The chill repugnance to frequent
 The Feast of Angels' Bread,—

VIII.

The torment of unsettled thoughts
 That cannot fix on Thee,
 And in the dread confessional
 Hard, cold fidelity :—

IX.

If this drear change be thine, O Lord !
 If it be Thy sweet will,
 Spare not, but to the very brim
 The bitter chalice fill.

X.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me,
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

XI.

One thing alone, dear Lord ! I dread ;—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

XII.

O when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord ! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

XIII.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

XIV.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

XV.

So in this darkness I can learn
 To tremble and adore,
 To sound my own vile nothingness,
 And thus to love Thee more,—

XVI.

To love Thee, and yet not to think
 That I can love so much,—
 To have Thee with me, Lord ! all day,
 Yet not to feel Thy touch.

XVII.

If I have served Thee, Lord ! for hire,
 Hire which Thy beauty showed,
 Ah ! I can serve Thee now for nought,
 And only as my God.

XVIII.

O blessed be this darkness then,
 This deep in which I lie,
 And blessed be all things that teach
 God's dread Supremacy !

LV.

THE PAIN OF LOVE.

I.

Jesus ! why dost Thou love me so ?

What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee ?

II.

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart
For which Thine own did bleed.

III.

But Thou art God, and knowest all ;
Dear Lord ! Thou knowest me ;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

IV.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles !
O give me tears to weep ; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

V.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
And lays them at my door.

VI.

The more I love Thee, Lord ! the more
I hate my own cold heart ;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart.

VII.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord !
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where Thou canst never see ?

VIII.

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given ?
Ah no ! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in Heaven !

LVI.

THE END OF MAN.

I.

I come to Thee once more, my God !
No longer will I roam ;
For I have sought the wide world through,
And never found a home.

II.

O bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest ;
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

III.

Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see ;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

IV.

Then honour and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith ;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath ?

V.

The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile ;
But, oh ! how soon my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile ?

VI.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,
The flush of manhood's power ;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.

VII.

And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me ;
Yet I have found, O God ! no rest,
No harbour short of Thee.

VIII.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul
All for Thyself alone ;
Ah ! send Thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more Thine Own !

LVII.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

I.

My Soul ! what hast thou done for God ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God hath done for thee.

II.

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more ;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And set thee on life's happy shore.

III.

He placed an angel at thy side,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,
And life, free life, before thee lay.

IV.

Had God in Heaven no work to do
But miracles of love for thee ?
No world to rule, no joy in Self
And in His own infinity ?

V.

So must it seem to our blind eyes :
He gave His love no Sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

VI.

From out His glorious Bosom came
His only, His Eternal Son ;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with His Blood sin's captives won.

VII.

The world rose up against His love ;
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

VIII.

For His Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown His own elected ones.

IX.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave :
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

X.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night ;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

XI.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells ;
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

XII.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified ;
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

XIII.

And now the Father keeps Himself,
In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

XIV.

O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee !
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the Undivided Trinity !

XV.

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss !

XVI.

What hast thou done for God, my soul ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for His mercy upon thee !

LVIII.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

I.

O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

II.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad :

III.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost ;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

IV.

O there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

V.

Ill masters good ; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

VI.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

VII.

It is not so, but so it looks ;
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

VIII.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

IX.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are ;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

X.

She has a prudence of her own ;
Her step is firm and free ;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

XI.

Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

XII.

O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible !

XIII.

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

XIV.

O learn to scorn the praise of men !
O learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

XV.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

XVI.

As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

XVII.

Muse on His justice, downcast Soul !
Muse and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part !

XVIII.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

XIX.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

LIX.

TRUE LOVE.

I.

O see how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove !

II.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms.

III.

His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear ;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

IV.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
Helpless as babe can be ;
His love seems very foolishness
For its simplicity.

V.

The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

VI.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

VII.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return ;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

VIII.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

IX.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's part ;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

X.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near ;
They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts out fear.

XI.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love ;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

XII.

O that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss !

XIII.

O that they knew what faith can work !
What Sacraments can do !
What simple love is like, on fire
In hearts absolved and true !

XIV.

How can they tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take ?

XV.

Poor souls ! they know not how to love ;
They feel not Jesus near ;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

XVI.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face ;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace ?

XVII.

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks,—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.

XVIII.

They would not speak in measured tones,
If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.

XIX.

They would have smiled in playful ways
To ease their fevered heart,
And learned with other simple souls
To play love's crafty part.

XX.

They would have run away from God
For their own vileness' sake,
And feared lest some interior light
From tell-tale eyes should break.

XXI.

They know not how the outward smile
The inward awe can prove ;
They fathom not the creature's fear
Of Uncreated Love.

XXII.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.

XXIII.

They love not ; for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem :
They fear not ; for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them !

LX.

PERFECTION.

I.

O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth !

II.

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires ;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

III.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road ;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

IV.

O utter but the Name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

V.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above ;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love ?

VI.

How little of that road, my soul !
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

VII.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
O these are graces far below
What longing love would ask !

VIII.

Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free :
Look long at Jesus ; His sweet Blood,
How was it dealt to thee ?

IX.

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;
It is not hard to love ;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldst thou move !

X.

Good is the cloister's silent shade,
Cold watch and pining fast ;
Better the mission's wearing strife,
If there thy lot be cast.

XI.

Yet none of these perfection needs :—
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.

XII.

O keep thy conscience sensitive ;
No inward token miss ;
And go where grace entices thee ;—
Perfection lies in this.

XIII.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a Saint shalt be !

LXI.

PREDESTINATION.

I.

Father and God ! mine endless doom
Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall know not what it is
Till at Thy bar I stand.

II.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy dread Will ;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

III.

All light is darkness, when I think
Of what may be my fate ;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
Both faith and love to wait.

IV.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
A fixed eternity :—

V.

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed !
O at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power :

VI.

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

VII.

My fears adore Thee, O my God !
My heart is chilled with awe ;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.

VIII.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord !
Thy Being hath no ties ;
The world lies open to Thy Will,
Its victim and its prize.

IX.

Father ! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

X.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in Thy decrees ;
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

XI.

Thou mayst have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord ! with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on eternity.

XII.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord !
For Thou art God alone ?
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father ! than in my own.

XIII.

I worship Thee with breathless fears ;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt ;
The worst Thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

XIV.

O fearful thought ! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

XV.

For me to do such act I know
How slight a change I need,
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.

XVI.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord ?
That trust my heart will cheer ;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.

XVII.

That Thou art God is my one joy !
Whate'er Thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me !

LXII.

AN EVENING HYMN AT THE ORATORY.

I.

Sweet Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instill ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

II.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

III.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

IV.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

V.

Labour is sweet, for 'Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for 'Thou hast cared ;
 Ah ! never let our works be soiled
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light !

VI.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus and our All !
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light !

VII.

Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come ;
 Mary and Philip near us be ;
 Good Angels watch about our home ;
 And we are one day nearer Thee !
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light !

LXIII.

LOW SPIRITS.

I.

Fever and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

II.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

III.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;
The streets resound with noise ;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

IV.

Voices are round me ; smiles are near ;
Kind welcomes to be had ;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn and sad.

V.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part :
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

VI.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work,
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

VII.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

VIII.

O there is music in that thought
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening-time
Most musically rung.

IX.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
Of the Eternal God.

X.

It is not of His wondrous works,
Nor even that He is ;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
Which by itself is bliss.

XI.

Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart,
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.

XII.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As tho' thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy.

XIII.

I bless thee, Lord ! for this kind check
To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
More helpless need of Thee !

LXIV.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

I.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.

II.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers ;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

III.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears :
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

IV.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears :
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal Years.

V.

O ! many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres :
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

VI.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears ;
More humbling is it far for thee,
To face the Eternal Years.

VII.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

VIII.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

IX.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears ;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

X.

And know'st thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers ?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

XI.

One Cross can sanctify a soul ;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

XII.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower ;
Time flies, and judgment nears ;
Go ! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

XIII.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

XIV.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought
Thy loves, hopes, smiles and tears ;
Such prison-house thine heart will make
Free of the Eternal Years.

XV.

A single practice long sustained
A soul to God endears :
This must be thine—to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

XVI.

He practises all virtue well,
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of those Eternal Years.

LXV.

ST. PHILIP'S HOME.

Recordare, Virgo Mater, in conspectu Dei,
ut loquaris pro nobis bona.—*Missale Romanum.*

I.

O Mary! Mother Mary! our tears are flowing
fast,
For mighty Rome, St. Philip's home, is desolate
and waste ;
There are wild beasts in her palaces far fiercer
and more bold
Than those that licked the martyrs' feet in
heathen days of old.

II.

O Mary ! Mother Mary ! that dear City was
thine own,
And brightly once a thousand lamps before thine
altars shone ;
At the corners of the streets thy Child's sweet
Face and thine
Charmed evil out of many hearts, and darkness
out of mine.

III.

By Peter's Cross and Paul's sharp Sword, dear
Mother Mary ! pray !
By the dungeon deep where thy St. Luke in
weary durance lay,
And by the Church thou know'st so well beside
the Latin Gate,
For the love of John, dear Mother ! stay the
hapless City's fate.

IV.

For the exiled Pontiff's sake, our Father and our
Lord,
O Mother ! bid the Angel sheathe his keen aveng-
ing sword ; [be,
For the Vicar of thy Son, poor exile though he
Is basied with thine honour now by that sweet
southern sea.

V.

O by the joy thou hadst in Rome, when every
street and square
Burned with the fire of holy love that Philip
kindled there !
And by that throbbing heart of his which thou
didst keep at Rome,
Let not the lawless spoiler waste dear Father
Philip's home !

VI.

O by the dread basilicas, the pilgrim's gates to
heaven,
By all the shrines and relics God to Christian
Rome hath given,
By the countless Ave-Maries that have rung
from out its towers,
By Peter's threshold, Mother ! save this pilgrim-
place of ours !

VII.

By all the words of peace and power, that from
St. Peter's Chair
Have stilled the angry world so oft, this glorious
City spare ! [sway
By the lowliness of him whose gentle-hearted
A thousand lands are blessing now, dear Mother
Mary ! pray.

VIII.

By the pageants bright whose golden light hath
 flashed through street and square,
And by the long processions that have borne thy
 Jesus there !
By the glories of the Saints, by the honours that
 were thine,
By all the worship God hath got from many a
 blazing shrine,—

IX.

By all heroic deeds of Saints that Rome hath
 ever seen,
By all the times her multitudes have crowned
 thee for their queen,
By all the glory God hath gained from out that
 wondrous place,
O Mary ! Mother Mary ! pray thy strongest
 prayer for grace !

X.

O Mary ! Mother Mary ! thou wilt plead for
 Philip's home ;
Thou wilt turn the heart of Him who turned
 St. Peter back to Rome ;
O ! thou wilt pray thy prayer ; and the battle
 will be won, [of her Son !
And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City

LXVI.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Father ! Creator ! Lord Most High !
Sweet Jesus ! Fount of Clemency !
Blest Spirit ! who dost sanctify !

God ruling over all !

The Dolours Christ did once endure,
O grant that I, with spirit pure,
Devoutly may recall.

Jesus ! Thou didst a Mother choose,
Whose Seed the serpent's head should bruise,
Seed of a Virgin womb ;
O ! bruise that serpent now in me,
Bruise him, good Lord ! that I may be
Thine at the Day of Doom.

Jesus ! the saints in spirit soar
Where angels hymn for evermore
The Judge who shall appear ;
Receive a suppliant that would raise
His voice unto that choir of praise,
But is half mute through fear.

1. THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF OUR SAVIOUR
TILL HIS BAPTISM.

Jesus ! who from Thy throne didst come,
And man's most vile estate assume,
Our fallen race to lift,
O ! grant that such transcending love
To me, through Thine own grace, may prove
No ineffectual gift.

I.

Jesus ! whom Mary once conceived
Through grace, her backward fears relieved
By angels' salutation,
May I, within a chastened heart,
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art
My God and my Salvation.

II.

Jesus ! whom Thy sweet Mother bore
To St. Elizabeth of yore,
On Jewry's mountain lea ;
O ! mayst Thou oft, in ways concealed,
To heart but not to eye revealed,
Vouchsafe to visit me.

III.

Jesus ! kind visitant of earth,
Of sinless and of painless birth,
Thy Mother's only-born,
May love with undiverted flame
Ascend, and for Thy glorious Name
All other nuptials scorn.

IV.

Jesus ! the spacious world was Thine,
Yet, when Thou wouldst Thy head recline,
It scarce found room for Thee ;
And O, shall sinful man be bent
On self-sought greatness, not content
With Christlike poverty !

V.

Jesus ! for whom the shepherds sought
An Infant, by the Angels taught
From out the midnight sky,
O may I love Thy praise on earth,
That I may one day share the mirth
Of angel hosts on high.

VI.

Jesus ! my God and Saviour, Thou,
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow
To ordinance divine ;

O curb my loose and wandering eyes,
Prune my self-will, and circumcise
This carnal heart of mine.

VII.

Jesus ! before Thy manger, kings
Lay prostrate with their offerings,
A most unworldly throne ;
Thou to my cradle camest, Lord,
With gifts invisibly outpoured
From waters of Thine own.

VIII.

Jesus ! whom Thy meek Mother vowed
To God, whose law would have allowed
Her first-born to go free,
O give me such a humble mind,
That in obedience I may find
The choicest liberty.

IX.

Jesus ! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
For Thy dear Infancy,
Give me, O Lord, like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away.

X.

Jesus ! whom Thy sad Mother sought,
And in the temple found, who taught
The aged in Thy youth ;
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth !

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

2. THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS PASSION.

Jesus ! the Father's words approve
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,
Bright Witness, hovers down ;
So wash me, Lord, that I may be,
At the great day, approved of Thee,
Before Thy Father's throne.

I.

Jesus ! who in the strength of fast,
Through Adam's three temptations passed,
On Adam's trial-ground,
In me let hallowed abstinence
The issues seal of carnal sense,
And Satan's wiles confound.

II.

Jesus ! Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
To teach the world of Thee ;
May I with ready will obey
Thine inward call, and keep the way
Of Thy simplicity.

III.

Jesus ! who deign'dst to be a guest,
Where Mary's gently-urged behest
With Thy kind power made free,
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,
In such pure ways, that I may prove
My greater love for Thee.

IV.

Jesus ! how toiled Thy blessed Feet
O'er hill and dale and stony street,
Through weary want and pain !

O may I rather for Thy sake
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take
Than joys Thou didst disdain.

V.

Jesus ! in all the zeal of love
How amiably didst Thou reprove
Poor wretches lost in sin !
Ah ! may I first in penance live,
Rebuking self, then humbly strive
My brother's soul to win.

VI.

Jesus ! who didst the multitude
Twice nourish with miraculous food
Of soul and body both,
Give me my daily bread, O Lord,
Thy flesh, Thyself, Incarnate Word,
Which feeds our heavenly growth.

VII.

Jesus ! gracious truth revealing,
Sorrow soothing, sickness healing,
And so requiting hate !
O grant that I may ever be
Like-minded, blessed Lord, with Thee,
And envy no man's state.

VIII.

Jesus! transfigured on the height
Of Tabor in mysterious light.

From Heaven's eternal fountain,
If such the earthly type, O lead,
Lead me where Thou Thy flock dost feed
Upon the holy mountain.

IX.

Jesus! who wept o'er Salem's towers,
Wept for her long and baleful hours
Of misery and sin!

O Love Divine, could I but borrow
From Thy sweet strength such strength of
sorrow

As might her pardon win!

X.

Jesus! and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandize?

O grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,
For all that earth supplies.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour! hear us, when we pray;

Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit! give us hearts to say,

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

3. THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus ! who deemedst it not unmeet
To wash Thine own disciples' feet,
Though Thou wert Lord of all ;
Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,
That they who self-abasement seek
Alone shall fear no fall.

I.

Jesus ! who Thy true Flesh didst take
Upon the Paschal night, and break
For our most precious Food,
O Living Bread, be Thou my strength
Through which the world and flesh, at length,
In me may be subdued.

II.

Jesus ! who in the garden felt
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
To do Thy Father's will,

To me give such a zealous mind
To suffer, such a heart resigned
Thy statutes to fulfil.

III.

Jesus ! Thy friends are fain to sleep,
While to the unresisting Sheep
The cruel wolves repair ;
May I be found as meek and still
By those who wish or work me ill,
And, like my Lord, at prayer.

IV.

Jesus ! who sawst on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth ;
O may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

V.

Jesus ! who deeply silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control,
Set on my busy lips Thy seal ;
Ascetic silence oft can heal
The sickness of the soul.

VI.

Jesus ! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears ;
If ever I deny Thy Name,
Thy Cross, O send me speedy shame,
O give me Peter's tears.

VII.

Jesus ! the Judge of quick and dead,
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
In mock regalia clad ;
May I my solemn office fill,
Judge of myself, and think no ill,
Not even of the bad.

VIII.

Jesus ! when scourged and buffeted
And spit upon, Thy sacred Head
Was bow'd to earth for me ;
O may I pardon find, and bliss,
And expiating love in this
My Lord's indignity.

IX.

Jesus ! with crown of ruddy thorn
The Jews Thy tortured Brow adorn,
And, jeering, hail Thee king ;

May I, O Lord, with heart sincere
My humble zeal, my love and fear,
A real homage bring.

X.

Jesus ! for whom the wicked Jews
A vile and blood-stained robber choose;
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And keep me from a choice so base
As taking wealth or ease or place,
Barabbas, Lord ! for Thee.

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

4. THE CRUCIFIXION, AND WHAT WAS DONE
UPON THE CROSS.

Jesus ! along Thy proper road
Of sorrows, with Thy weary Load
How didst Thou toil and strain !
O may I bear the Cross like Thee,
Or rather, Lord, do Thou in me
The blessed weight sustain.

I.

Jesus ! on that most doleful day
How were Thy garments stripped away,
Thy holy Limbs laid bare !
O may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien.
Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

II.

Jesus ! what direst agony
Was Thine, upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife !
O may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

III.

Jesus ! around Thy sacred Head
There is an ominous brightness shed,
The Name which Pilate wrote ;
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene !
For in that Threefold Name are seen
The gifts Thy Passion brought.

IV.

Jesus ! who to the Father prayed
For those who all Thy love repaid
With this dread cup of woes,

Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
The thwarting of my foes.

V.

Jesus ! who, come to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
Of peace among the blest,
Ah ! do Thou give me penitence
Like his, that I, when summoned hence,
In Paradise may rest.

VI.

Jesus ! who bade the virgin John
Thy Mother take, when Thou wert gone,
And in Thy stead to be,
Oh, when I yield my parting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

VII.

Jesus ! true Man, who cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, My God, my God,
O why am I forsaken ?
Lord ! may I never fall from Thee,
Nor even in life's extremity
My humble trust be shaken.

VIII.

Jesus ! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink
What might inflame Thy pain ;
Ah ! mindful of the loathsome draught
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
May I my flesh restrain.

IX.

Jesus ! Redeemer, all the price
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice
Did more than fully pay ;
May I my stewardship fulfil
With equal strictness, and Thy will
With scrupulous love obey.

X.

Jesus ! Thy Passion at an end,
Thou didst Thy blameless soul commend
Unto the Father's care ;
When my last hour is come, may I
Hasten with meek alacrity
To do Thy will elsewhere.

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

5. WHAT WAS DONE AFTER HIS DEATH ;
BURIAL, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, SES-
SION, AND SECOND ADVENT.

Jesus ! all-hail, who for my sin
Didst die, and by that death didst win
Eternal life for me ;
Send me Thy grace, good Lord ! that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
And hide my life with Thee.

I.

Jesus ! from out Thine opened Side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
With endless streams of love ;
Come ye who would your sickness heal,
Draw freely from that sacred well,
Its heavenly virtues prove.

II.

Jesus ! Thy Passion's bitter smart
Pierced like a sword Thy Mother's heart
As Simeon prophesied ;
So fix my heart unto Thy Cross,
That I may count all gain but loss
For Jesus Crucified !

III.

Jesus ! in spices wrapped, and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide
Thy servant in Thy wounded Side,
A heavenly sepulture !

IV.

Jesus ! who to the spirits went,
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won,
Absolve me, Lord ! and set me free
From self and sin, that I may be
Bondsman to Thee alone.

V.

Jesus ! who from the dead arose
And straightway sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,
O may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

VI.

Jesus ! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now,

O may my heart within me burn,
When at the Altar I discern
Thy Body, Lord ! and bow.

VII.

Jesus ! amid yon olives hoar,
Thy forty days of sojourn o'er,
Thou didst ascend on high ;
O thither may my heart and mind
Ascend, their home and harbour find
With Jesus in the sky.

VIII.

Jesus ! ten silent days expired,
The Eternal Spirit came, and fired
With his celestial heat
Thine infant Church ; O may that light
Within one pasture now unite
Men's widely wandering feet.

IX.

Jesus ! who at this very hour
At God's Right Hand in pomp and power
Our nature still dost wear,
O let Thy Wounds still intercede,
And by their simple silence plead
Thy countless merits there.

X.

Jesus ! who shalt in glory come
With angels to the final doom,
Men's works and wills to weigh—
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
Be pitiful, great Lord ! to me
In that tremendous day.

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;
Thou who dost renew our natures,
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

ROME. *The Eve of St. Barnabas*, 1843.

Villa Strozzi.

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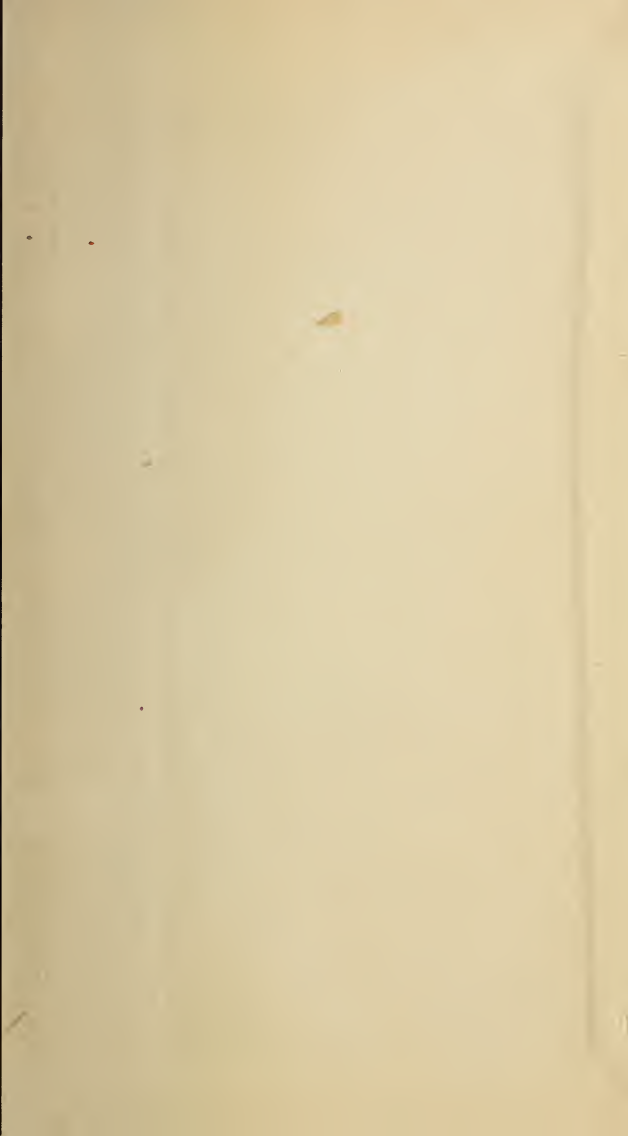
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